

**THE RISING SON.**  
LEWIS WOODS, Business Manager.  
Published Every Week  
RISING SON PUBLISHING CO.  
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One month .15  
Strictly paid in advance  
Entered at the Post Office at Kansas City,  
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Correspondents wanted in every city  
and town in this state. Write us.  
All news matter intended for pub-  
lication should reach our office not  
later than Tuesday, of each week and  
must be signed by the writer not for  
publication, but as guarantee of auth-  
enticity.

OFFICE: No. 117 West Sixth St.,  
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Advertising Rates.  
For one inch, one insertion \$1.50  
For one inch, each subsequent insertion .50  
For two inches, three months \$3.00  
For two inches, six months \$5.00  
For two inches, nine months \$7.00  
For two inches, twelve months \$9.00

OLDEST NEGRO JOURNAL  
... IN KANSAS CITY,  
TWICE ALL  
THE REST.

The paid circulation  
of THE RISING SON  
is more than double  
the combined circula-  
tion of all the other  
Kansas City colored  
weekly newspapers.

Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1903.  
Office of the Postmaster,  
Publishers, Rising Son,  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Sirs:

In response to your inquiry, I beg to  
say your publication is duly entered  
as second class matter at this office  
and regularly mailed.

Very respectfully,  
J. H. HARRIS,  
Postmaster.

The Rising Son is the only paper  
published by colored people in Kansas  
City, Mo., that is entered at the post  
office as second class mail.

When will the law making power  
take a hand in lynching. It is a dis-  
grace to the people of the United  
States.

A war has been declared upon these  
immoral practices who are in the pulp-  
it. Where there is a faint suspicion of  
immorality or vice emanating from  
men in high places it would be well to  
investigate and lay the blame where  
it properly belongs for the good of  
the whole.

To the Public:

After much consideration with the  
best thinkers and leaders of the West,  
and in accordance with their opinions  
and desires, we have decided to hold  
annually at Western University, a  
Chautauqua Assembly, to discuss prob-  
lems affecting the welfare of the race.

The purpose of the movement will  
be to assist in securing and promot-  
ing "The unity and uplift of the race."

The Chautauqua will comprehend  
the following departments: Educa-  
tional, Professional, Woman's Clubs,  
Business, Industrial and Agricultural.

Successful farmers, mechanics, busi-  
ness men, and women interested in  
club work, ministers, doctors, lawyers,  
teachers, musicians and men of all pro-  
fessions, in short all who are striving  
to rise and assist their fellows, are in-  
vited to be present.

Individuals successful in any walk  
of life are requested to be present and  
to participate in the discussions of the  
session. A synopsis of the program  
will be published later.

The first annual session will be held  
on the University grounds, Commence-  
ment week, May 25, 26 and 27, 1903.

It is desired that we may have the  
hearty co-operation and support of all  
people in this effort to secure the ad-  
vancement of the cause of the Negro.

For further information write  
W. T. VERNON,  
Chair, Executive Com.  
J. N. GARRETT, Sec.

Good Maxim for All.  
There are excellent commercial  
maxims that the late Gustavus F.  
Swift left behind him—even if they  
carry with them a somewhat selfish  
flavor. One of the lot, however, is  
quite good enough for general use.  
"The best a man ever did," he says,  
"shouldn't be his standard for the rest  
of his life." In other words, never  
have so much respect for your own  
record that you are afraid to break it.

Woman Has Two Professions.  
Mary Lowell, admitted to the bar in  
Boston recently, has the honor of be-  
ing the only woman in the world who  
has the right to practice both law and  
medicine.

Man of Wide Experience.  
A London justice, who is a more  
man, has stood up for his rights re-  
garding dressmakers' disputes. He  
will not have dresses tried on in court,  
because he "had long since come to the  
conclusion that with ordinary  
dresses any lady could wear a dress  
to make it look as if it did not fit,"  
and he was also perfectly satisfied that  
"any milliner or dressmaker could  
pull it about and make it fit when it  
did not do so."

## SONG OF THANKFULNESS.

Sing a song of thankfulness—  
Joy enough to win,  
Alas! it is just the best world  
Ever you were in?  
Now a dream of sorrow  
Solemn in the night;  
Till a sweet, to-morrow,  
Singing in the light!

Sowing time, or reaping,  
Still with hope in sight  
Till the time for sleeping,  
And the best "Good-night!"  
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitu-  
tion.

**The Romance of  
a Persian Rug**

That rug was a perfect stunner, all  
gorgeous rich blues and greens, with  
a background of a most beautiful ter-  
racotta crimson. It had been "made  
expressly for us," as Nita explained  
proudly to the greedy Oriental, who,  
however, did not seem a bit impressed  
with the information, but persisted in  
the extremely low price he had offered  
us at the beginning. An absurdly low  
price, yet one to which we finally had  
to agree, for both Nita and I were  
firmly resolved on one thing—we  
would go to Mrs. Stephenson's house  
party. It would probably be our last  
bit of fun with the old crowd. Hence-  
forth we would have to forego society  
and earn our own livings. (How we  
hated the idea!) For Mrs. Stephenson's  
house party one, of course, needed  
new gowns, etc., and in conse-  
quence, money. Now, since a most  
unkind guardian—cousin (not angel)—  
had invested our small fortune in such  
a way that it not only became smaller,  
but was finally lost to view entirely,  
we were penniless, and when we de-  
cided we must sell something at once,  
the discovery was made that no one  
thing in the house would bring more  
than the rug. I—having the better  
"business head" of us two—did the  
most of the bargaining. I argued, the  
Oriental stood firm. I argued again,  
and—succeeded. Nita bore up bravely  
until the man began counting the  
money out to me, then, with one howl,  
she flew from the room, slamming the  
door after her.

Well, we went to the house party.  
I would have had a good time if it had  
not been for Nita. She spoiled every-  
thing. Each evening while we dressed  
for dinner she would sob herself to  
sleep, and me to wakefulness, and  
through all the scoldings and the tears  
swept the refrain: "Our rug, our dear,  
beautiful rug!"

Then, one evening, some little time  
after the dressing bell had rung, Nita  
came in from I don't know where.  
She had a fearful sunburn on, and was  
so mussy, and on my timidly suggest-  
ing her hurrying a bit (she was aim-  
lessly gazing into the mirror), she  
turned to me with the sweetest, gen-  
tlest smile, and said "I know it, dear."

I nearly fainted. Not being as well  
acquainted with Nita as I am, you may  
not appreciate this. I can only say it  
wasn't like her. Of course I was puzzled  
by the change, but thought she  
might have realized there wasn't time  
to scold then. That I would have  
double measure at the next opportu-  
nity I had no doubt; but no bedtime  
came and no outburst, wrathful or tear-  
ful. Such a relief! Yet hours after  
Nita was asleep I lay awake thinking.  
What could it mean? Alas, no light  
dawned on me. The next morning  
(Nita being late) the rug was men-  
tioned the first thing, but so different-  
ly.

"Dear old rug," she said, gaspingly  
(she was being hooked into her gown),  
"perhaps it is just as well, Henrietta,  
that—that we didn't keep it."

I started.

"A house party is rather good fun,  
isn't it?" she continued.

The next day we dined on board a



A perfect stunner.

yacht, and I didn't see Nita alone un-  
til bedtime.

"Oh, I'm having a bully time, Hen-  
rietta!" she exclaimed.

I felt hurt. "So would I have had—  
from the start, if—"

"Yes, I know—you poor dear," she  
said. "If I hadn't been so very horrid  
about the rug. But now I'm not, am  
I? For I'm really awfully glad about it!"

But the next day was the strangest  
of all. Nita didn't speak to me once  
while we were dressing. (I was rather  
glad, being late myself that day.) She  
didn't speak, but her face fairly  
beamed.

At bed time she was still beaming  
and still silent. She may have said  
"good night," but I doubt it.

I was awakened from such a nice  
dream by some vague thing that was,

I fancy, similar to being murdered. I  
sat up in bed and yelled.  
"Oh, glory! Henrietta, keep quiet,"  
said my sweet sister, trying to do the  
Othello act. "Nothing's the matter. I  
only wanted to talk to you." (She had  
wakened me by pulling my hair out  
one hair at a time!)

"Seems to me you might wait until  
morning," I said sleepily.

"No, I can't." Nita was sulky.

"Oh, Henrietta." She shook me this  
time. Really, Nita is very strong for a  
little thing. "Do be a dear, and wake  
up. I have something to tell you." She  
yelled this last in my ear, evidently  
forgetful of her warning to me a while  
before.

I got cross. "Oh, Nita, what is the  
matter? I'm so sleepy."

Nita wept. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I  
have no one to tell but you, and  
you're so unsympathetic."

"Tell me, dear," I said, sitting up.

Alas! I must have shown too much  
alacrity and eagerness, for Nita's man-  
ner changed immediately.

"I don't know why I should," said  
My Lady. "You don't want to know."

"I know I don't, dear," said I, trying  
to sound relieved. "Good night," and  
in a few moments I snored—a thing I  
never do—really. Nita didn't suspect,  
though.

A long pause. I had ceased my



"I know it, dear."

snoring, but sleep was really begin-  
ning to get the best of me, though I  
was pinching myself black and blue.  
Then—

"Are you awake, Henrietta?" came  
in a very subdued voice from the  
darkness.

I almost said "no," so anxious was  
I about my diplomacy.

"I—I would like to tell you, Hen-  
rietta—but—(my heart sank)—but I  
don't know how to begin."

Here I heard something very like a  
giggle, smothered in a pillow. Now,  
even as a schoolgirl Nita had never  
been guilty of giggling! Horrors!

"Is it anything about the rug, dear?"  
I suggested kindly.

"Indeed, no!" came the indignant  
answer.

Another silence, then—  
"Perhaps it is—about the rug—after  
all, Henrietta—"

"Yes!" (This very sleepily.)

"He—I mean if we hadn't sold it, we  
couldn't have come, and if we hadn't  
come—why, then—O, Henrietta—he's  
awfully fond of me, and I guess I like  
him." (Yes, they were—giggles! I  
never would have believed it of her,  
never.)

I was evidently supposed to be sym-  
pathetic, which under the circum-  
stances was hard. I hadn't the least  
idea who he was! To tell the truth, I  
didn't notice Nita much at the house  
party, being—but never mind.

"He's so nice and tall." (This was  
merely to say something—anything.  
All of the half-dozen men were tall—  
four of them unmarried and only one  
of them engaged, to my knowledge.

He was one of the other three then.  
I tried in vain to remember the colors  
of their eyes.) "Isn't he?" acquiesced  
Nita, joyfully.

"He has a lovely name," I ven-  
tured.

"Such a lovely name" said Nita.

And then I thought I knew, for one  
and the first name of John, another  
the last name of Smith. Nita had al-  
ways hated the first name of John,  
and the last name of Smith—I was  
quite sure of myself now. I grew very  
bold.

"A stunning name—Reginald Haugh-  
ten."

"Henrietta, what are you talking  
about—you don't think—you can't  
think I'm engaged to that fool! How  
could you? Oh, but you poor dear, I  
mustn't blame you. How could you  
have eyes for—?" (I mustn't tell  
what she said—such a foolish child!)  
"Well, I'll tell you—I'm engaged to  
Howard Smith, and I'm very glad,  
good-night."

The next morning they went up  
to town to buy some cotton favors. Nita  
told me they were also going to buy  
the rug back—I've told him all about  
it, and he says we must have it for  
Our House." (It was spoken with a  
Capital A!) They came back on an  
afternoon train. I went across the  
lawn to meet them.

"The rug was bought—by whom, do  
you think? That horrid Mrs. Ardsley.  
But I don't care," said Nita, smiling  
sweetly at us (one of us especially),  
as she turned toward the house.

"She has the most beautiful disposi-  
tion in the world," said the lucky  
man, looking after her fondly.

.....

Tonight, the last one of the house  
party, Nita told me, with glee, "I have  
made a discovery; his whole name is  
John Howard Smith, and, as I don't  
want to call him what every one else  
does, I'm going to call him John!"

Maud Virginia Thompson in Boston  
Herald.

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advocate of right and fair play. There  
are those in high places who read and  
receive this paper and its benefits who  
think that printers' ink and labor are  
produced by wind and talk. Now, to  
all such we ask you again to pay us  
what you owe. Some of you have  
gained your notoriety through this  
paper. Come and see us with the  
money.

Dr. Holly is making some improve-  
ments on his home on Charlotte.

The man who laughs last falls to  
see the joke first.

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**Union National Bank**  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Statement as made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the  
close of business Feb. 6, 1903.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$5,981,798.36.
U. S. Bonds, at par.....	\$ 523,000.00
Municipal Bonds at par.....	327,441.14
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	4,180,685.29
	5,031,126.43
Total.....	\$11,012,944.79
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 600,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	300,000.00
Undivided profits.....	78,771.60
Unearned interest.....	94,948.00
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....	423,000.00
Deposits.....	9,516,170.17
	\$11,112,924.79

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Illustration of a man in a suit and hat.